Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.
Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst?
Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue?
My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who tould me how the poore soule did forsake
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
When oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, deare brother, liue and be a king?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himself
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But whē your carters, or your waighting vassailes
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniustly too, must graunt it you
But for my brother, not a mast would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him, poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes
How that the guiltie kindred of the
Lookt pale when they did heare of
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the K
God will reuenge it. But come lets
To comfort Edward with our con
Enter Dutches of Yorke, with
Boy. Tell me good Granam, is ou
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your han
And crie, Oh Clarence, my vnhap
Girle. Why do you looke on vs an
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, c
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prettie Cosens, you m
I do lament the sickenesse of the Ki
As loath to loose him, not your fat
It were lost labor to weepe for one
Boy. Then Granam you conclud
The King my Vncle is too blame
God will reuenge it, whom I will i
With daily prayers all to that effect
Dut. Peace children peace, the K
Incapable and shallow Innocents,
You cannot gesse who causde your
Boy. Granam, we can: for my goo
Told me the King prouoked by the
Deuisd impeachments to imprison
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kind
And bad me relie on him as on my
And he would loue me dearely as h
Dut. Oh that deceit should steale
And with a vertuous vizard hide fo
He is my sonne, and therein my sha
Yet from my dugs he drew not this
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did di
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it: harke, wha

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.